

Hold your hands honest Men, FOR

Here's a good wife hath a Husband that likes her,
In every respect, but onely he strikes her,
Then if you desire to be held men compleat,
What ever you doe your wives doe not bear.

To the tune of, *Kepe a good tongue &c.*



I have as compleat a man,
as any poore woman can,
He makes my heart to leap,
His company to keepe,
it comforts me now and then:
There's few exercises,
That man enterprizes,
but he will under stands,
Yet like a hart,
He wounds my heart,
I for my part,
Must beare the smart
For he cannot rule his hands.

His body is straight and tall,
proportioned well withall,
You may admire at him,
To see how every limbe,
both in a true order stand:
In every respect,
He's void of defect,
his legs are straight as toades,
His back is strong,
His armes are long,
Hee's fresh and young,
There's nothing wrong,
If he could but rule his hands.

He hath a grave aspect,
his forehead hee's seldome defect
His eyes cleere and bright,
Like stars doe give a light,
not squinting but just direct,
His haire's very big,
Like a Perwig,

in comely sort it stands,
So curiously,
It passeth my
Capacity
To f pettise
O that he could rule his hands.

For his activity
all lone his company
He's nimble and quick,
Performing many a trick,
which other men dare not try,
To vault oze a table,
Few men are so able,
his joints he so well commands
None in this towne
Can put him down,
His great renome
should be my crown
If that he could rule his hands.

He'll bravely pitch the Bar,
I neare know none so far,
For throwing the stone
He's equal'd by none,
which many times breeds a jar
But if they will quarrel,
Tis at their owne perill,
for he on his credit stands,
The proudest he
What ere he be,
Hee makes him see,
But too is me,
he cannot rule his hands.

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The second part, To the same tune.



Ho! I will le with the best
that's either for north or
then he comes t' the field (well
the stoutest will yield,
for he exceeds all the rest:
for leaping and running,
his wonderfull cunning,
is spread through divers lands,
he'll dance, he'll sing,
with art he'll ring,
yet for nothing
he'll throw and sing,
and cannot rule his hands.
He's learn'd in many arts,
he travel'd in many parts,
his pleasant discourse
makes many perforce,
to yield to him their hearts,
he is no way vicious,
he's very judicious,
and many things understands,
I dare to tell
he loves me well,
if I drinke him quel
he's fierce and sel,
and cannot rule his hands.
For partiall discipline,
whose husband passeth mine
I'm proud in good troth,
to see how he doth
like Mars in his armour shine,
we talke of a like,
you were saw the like,
he leav'd it t' the other lands
for pocket shot,

His equall's not,
Alas God wot,
He's too too hot,
and cannot rule his hands.
He'll draw the long bow as well
as ever did Adam Bell,
There's no man of strength,
Exceeds him in length,
as all that know him can tel:
I speake without lying,
He'll hit a bird flying,
and shoot through hazle trees
But few men dare
with him compare,
I would not care,
do me hee's spare,
on whom he did use his hands.
As he is wel qualified,
which no way can be vnder,
So I with my heart,
Doe honor his desert,
he hath my affection ty'd:
Though sometimes I speake,
my sex being weak,
a man that understands
so much as he,
should patient be,
And beare with me,
How well were that
if he could but rule his hands.

FINIS.
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